



On reading Scott's Life of "Napoleon Bonaparte."

poetry.

Son of Fortune! child of Fame!
What leav'st thou not a deathless name!
A pompous mark, at which the world
His envy-venomed shafts has hurled;
Thought'st thou, thy noon of life would be
Veiled in so dark a destiny!
Methinks thy manly voice I hear,
In pensive swells burst on my ear,—
The propitious breeze is felt no more,
The skies with vengeful thunders roar;
Life's billows now run mountain high,
And each to each heaves back a sigh;
E'en in the wind's low whispering tone,
Is heard the death-wail and the moan;
And he, to whom I've bowed the knee,
Forakes me in adversity.
Curst be the ward that shames me down,
To bloodless rack like transient pain;
Curst be the blighting hand of fate,
That laid my prospects desolate;
Curst be my restless spirit, now
To wily tyrants it must bow,
And loathed, rejected, and despised,
By those who once it idolized;—
A wand'rer 'neath the frown of heaven,
From Sun of morn to moon of even.

TO MISS C—— SANDWICH.

Go, idle paper, to the maid
Whose charms have taught my anxious breast
That Love may ever hearts invade,
And tranquil mood deprive of rest:
Go thou, and while thy lines are reading,
For me be kindly interceding.

Tell her I live but in her smiles,
Tho' true, she ne'er smiled on me;
But Hope and Love with flattering wiles,
Lead me those fancied smiles to see:
Smiles of contempt perhaps now rising,
The lines and writer both despising.

Go, happy paper, fearless go,
Nor dread the flames that there await;
Flames in thy master's bosom glow,
Then, why should'st thou lament thy fate;
Go, from her hands receive thine ending,
O'rrings to love, in flames ascending.

But should she read and say thy lie,
He sure her breast can kindness feel;
Ah! could'st thou read it in her eye,
For thou would'st ne'er the glance reveal;
Go then, and to her heart appealing,
Nought that I doubt or heart concealing.

Hear then thy master's message straight,
Say much I love, my much I fear,
Say that her frowns, contempt and hate,
Are what I cannot, could not bear:

THE MORALIST.
MESSIAH'S THRONE.
It is the throne of God. He who sitteth on it is the Omnipotent. Universal being in his hand Revolution, force, fear, as applied to his kingdom, are words without meaning. Rise up in rebellion if thou hast courage. Associate with thee the whole mass of infernal power. Begin the rule of whatever is false in this little globe—push from hence, pluck the sun out of his place—and roll the volume of desolation through the starry world.—What hast thou done unto him? It is the puny menace of a word against Him whose frown is perdition, "H that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh."¹⁷

HAPPINESS
Is much more equally divided than some of us imagine. One man may possess most of the materials, but little of the thing; another may possess much of the thing but very few of the

materials. In this particular view of it, happiness has been beautifully compared to the manna in the desert; he that gathereth much had nothing over, and he that gathereth little had no lack; therefore, to diminish envy, let us consider not what others possess, but what they enjoy; men's riches may be the gift of lucky accident or blind chance, but happiness must be the result of prudent preference and rational design; the highest happiness then can have no other foundation than the deepest wisdom; and the happiest foot is only as happy as he knows how to be.

SORROW.

The sharpest and most melting sorrow is that which arises from the loss of those we have loved with tenderness—whether that loss be occasioned either by the mandates of Death, or the decrees of adverse fortunes. Yet the animate heart of the partner of its bosom, whose Death has locked in his cold embrace, a cheer amidst its anguish, with the radiating hope that the departed object which demands that emblem of friendship, has escaped the pain which agonizes the soul who pays the mournful tribute, and that ere long they will be re-united.

on that blood-stained shore where the "wicked coast" came from troubling and the weary are at rest. Whilst the wandering exile, whom fate has doomed, against his own heart and the wishes of adoring friendship, to roam through creation a dupe to the follies and a slave to the toils of life, although braving the storms of adversity at the contempt of the ignorant and malignant, buoyed up by the conciliatory belief that the fire-brand of defamation, though wielded with all the accumulated force of burlesque and innuendo, will fall harmless at his feet, and that his baroque may yet glide serenely along the current of time to the long-wished-for port of its affluence.

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years! alas! how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life will realize their exit long ere ninety years shall have rolled away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told;" a dream, an empty sound, that passeth on the wings of the wind away, that is forgotten. Yet so many as men advance in age, like the degrees in longitude, the value of life declines as he travels toward the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point, and vanishes for ever. Is it possible that life is so short duration. Will ninety years erase the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the now blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love, hope,

merciful, disingenuous, and, as the result proved, unstable.—The one, the offspring of a consciousness of worth in the object beloved,—the other, the consequence of flattering attentions received.

It had been now some weeks since the excursion to Burlington, during which time Alice had received no intelligence whatever from her parents; and in place of that filial solicitude which, at one time would, under a like circumstance, have rendered her unhappy, she felt a listlessness and unconcern that would have induced a casual observer to conclude she had not a relative in the world except those under whose roof she was

How long this listlessness and unconcern would have continued I know not, had not an incident occurred that brought home to her bottom *sense* of those wandering feelings that had so long been absent.

"How unnecessary," remarked Colonel De Neville one evening, as he was sitting by her

with a newspaper; "how unnecessary, and even
withal, unchristian, are these obsequies to
the dead. Now here, for instance, doubtless he
was a fine young fellow, but all this stuff about
talents and amiability, and goodness, and mourn-
ing friends—who has not talents of some sort,
and goodness, if but second rate; and as to
mourning friends, a man must be a villain, in-
deed, through all his life, if he has no one to
attend a tear at his grave. Do you not think so,
Miss Alice?"

"Yes, Colonel, but it is the last tribute we

"Well, forgive me this once, and I will on to-morrow redeem my promise of accompanying you."

"On that condition I will," said Alice; "but you have promised me that so long, that I really shall hardly expect you to-morrow."

"To-morrow, *certainly*," answered De Neville, as he made him bow and retired.

The truth is, there was one thing in De Neville's character that Alice never thought of but with sorrow and displeasure—it was the lightness with which he always treated the subject of religion; and after he had gone she sat a few moments alone, reflecting how much more estimable he would be, directed in this failing. And

After glancing over its contents, her eyes became suddenly riveted to one spot;—she threw down the paper, and, bursting into tears, went to her chamber.—It was the death of Harcourt Bellamy!

—the hour when she left them—the accident of the carriage—the church, and the embowering shades around it, through which she had walked with Harcourt Bellamy—all came rushing at once on her heart, and she sobbed in the bitter-

ness of her spirit, that remembrance of such things had so long been buried in the unworthy feeling of self-gratification.

It was now the middle of December, and it needed not the letter from her father, which she received the next day, peremptorily requesting her return, to effect that object: her resolution was made, and on the third day after this incident happened she was on her way to Virginia, accompanied by her uncle, agreeably to the original arrangement made.

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"And has not my dear child yet arrived?" said a faint and feeble voice, from within a curtained bed in one of the chambers of Greyson Grove.

"Not yet, my love," was the reply—"I have no doubt, however, she will set out on the receipt of my last letter, which must, ere this, have reached her."

"Poor Alice!" resumed the same feeble voice, "I know her sensibility too well not to be assured how unhappy she will be if—"

Here the sufferer paused—but again continued, "Do not, dear husband, add to her anguish

The malady with which Mrs. Greyson was afflicted was now approaching its crisis: a pulmonary affection had baffled the skill of medical science, and she was now fast sinking into the grave. The absence of her beloved daughter occasionally grieved her; but, when she felt conscious that her life was drawing to its termination, her only earthly desire was that she might be permitted to embrace her dear child. ere she

But, alas! this could not be! and yet it *might* have administered to the comfort and happiness of a dear and dying mother—had not that rosy wreath of pleasure I spoke of engrossed all her wishes and her thoughts, and beguiled her from the sweet offices of filial affection.

"Oh! dear, dear papa, do forgive me for staying so long—how is mama?—where is she?"

Up stairs:— "I waited for an answer to these questions, but my father was incapable of giving her any, but without doing so she flew from his embrace, and ran to her mother's chamber.

But she was not *there*—every thing was arranged in nice order, and the breeze was playing in the curtains of her mother's bed through the opened windows.

"*There*," said Alice, as in an instant she stepped into the adjoining room—an instant more and her senses reeled, her eyes became dim, and she fainted.

On recovering, she found herself reclining on a sofa in her own little room, with her father and an attending nurse by her side; she could

crowds lounging unemployed, and sunning themselves in the streets of villages. But if such be their national characteristic, this valley least forms a striking exception. Here not only every inch of apparently practicable ground is sedulously cultivated, but the steep sides of mountains are covered with regular orchards of chestnut trees, and the stony bed of a river is actually cleared for use, and walled in little patches with the pebbles gathered in the operation.

Beautiful as the scenery had been before, at the close of day it became still more enchanting. The sun had sank beyond the Apennines, leaving behind him a golden atmosphere which streamed softly up the valley, and relieved in yellow light the blue outlines of the mountains. The "drowsy tinklings" of the mule bells came faintly on the ear. The more deep and sonorous tones of the convent bells tolling for vespers broke upon the listening silence, and mingling together in harmonious discord floated along the stream, or were reverberated from the surrounding hills. The priest paused to speak with

attentive villagers, the peasants trudged cheerfully homeward with his burden, or hastened alertly to his evening devotions. All was soft and beautiful and calm, suited to the hour when the sun himself, his daily labor done, appears to sink into the arms of rest. A doubtful light shone upon the landscape as we approached the sea. We heard, before for the second time we saw, the waves of the Mediterranean. As we rode along its shore, my excited imagination

na could not but recall the scenes of which at sea had been the witness. It had borne upon its bosom the fleets of Tyre and Egypt, of Greece, of Carthage and of Rome. It had seen the shock of hostile navies, and sustained for ages the rich burden of eastern commerce. In later days, it had witnessed the triumph of a Corsica, and had cultivated the youthful skill of Columbus, whose native city was now at length at hand. The light upon its lofty Pharos shimmered like a star far above the horizon, and a long suburb lay before me, in itself a city.—I had upon me, turning the promontory on which

light house is situated, and entering at that point the external barrier, an amphitheatre of lights arose before me which I recognised as once as Genoa the Proud.

We started as the sun rose over the same vast and dreary plain which showed neither house, tree, nor shrub—nothing to obstruct the view from ranging round the horizon of desolation.— As we travelled full speed over this barren country, we were continually starting the affrighted deer, that would fly from us like the wind. It was my custom to ride on horseback ten or twelve leagues every morning. I sometimes amused myself hunting these beautiful animals, and found, after a long chase, I could generally come up with them. Not so with the ostriches;

They would march away with the greatest apparent ease from a horse at full speed; they were so numerous, I only saw two during the whole journey across the Pampas. This day we traveled with amazing speed, and I could not but feel for the poor cargo-horses, that carried two heavy portmanteaus, and a bed each, keeping up with the carriage at full gallop. They bore the loads as if the horses were made of iron; frequently the horses' sides, drawing the rope of hide till

has literally been hid in its belly, and the poor animal would stand and crouch with pain; they often fasten one horse to the other's tail, one on leads the foremost, while another rides behind with a long hide whip, which is incessantly applied without mercy. Cruelty to these noble animals is certainly the worst trait in these people's character; the first horse that drops in the baggage from Buenos Aires is dropped instantly the load was taken off its back, and no doubt the poor creature, for it then appeared to be fresh, young, fast. Many carcasses strewed the ground lying just where they had died, some of them with the straw luggage saddle still on their backs.—*Lucia Brand's Journal. Buenos to*

DESCENT OF THE ANDER.—At length we came to the Cuesta de Concel. This was a dreadful descent, leading down to an awful depth below, with the river running at the bottom, but a very short distance to the right. It was really terrific to look down; and I am speaking within the opinion of many whom I have consulted on the subject, when I say, that it was at least eleven or twelve hundred feet in a direct descent, in all parts so steep, that there was no possibility of standing; many parts were

so hard and slippery, and how to get down him was now our task, which I should never have thought in the power of human beings to accomplish, had I not witnessed it and done it myself: so little are we aware what we are capable of performing till brought to the trial. I stood and gazed with wonder, scarcely believing they would attempt it. However, the loads were cast off, and away they flew, tumbling and sliding down like lightning. Our beds went into the river, and were soon swept out of sight. Then the ponies prepared, and laying themselves

on to their backs, with their arms and legs extended, to my utter amazement, they flew down one after the other with the swiftness of an arrow, guiding themselves clear of the river, although going down with such velocity; one turned, and rolled once or twice head over heels, then round and round like a ball, till he reached the bottom without the slightest injury. Now thought this would never do for me, so I waited to see how my companion would manage.—He approached the brink, and working a hoarse grunt to rest his heel in, thrust his stick half way into the snow, so that it might support him in

to dig himself down a little, and then dig another hole. In this manner he went down the very steepest part, and then let go and slid the rest of the way in a sitting posture. Now came my turn: I commenced with the plan of my companion, but finding it so very steep, and not liking the hanging posture by one arm, I acted more securely, but was much longer about it; first working a hole with my stick and putting my heel in it, then working another hole and putting the other heel in, thus seeing my way clearly before me, and having a footing of both feet at a time in a sitting posture, I slid down the cliff as if it were a

New discovery in the preparation of Flax.—A French paper states, that an inhabitant of Chateau Thierry has discovered a mode of giving to prepared hemp and flax the fineness, soft-

ners, and whorlens of cotton, by impregnating these substances with oil, and then exposing them, during fifteen or twenty days, to the action of frost, between two layers of snow. By this means all the inconvenience of the ordinary and tedious process of steeping them in stagnant water will be avoided.

